

Twilight and Port Canaveral

darkens as pelicans haunt for
falling bits shoved by fish gutters,
their flashing knives against

a purpling bar of sky.
Drink a Becks mid shy

generic birds tracing a few dark crumbs
off my graham crackers, and Honey-

mooners enwrapped like greenest
deities of myth. Crow enters, flaunt-

ing iridescence, splits our scene
for sea lights to lift in,

floating all, just so,
to afterglow.

Soaring

A Philanderer from Philly
met a Newbie from New York.

Said she "I'm willing to try,
but do you actually believe
all those blatant lies?"

He swore then "*on my
Mother's Grave!*"

...so the answer was yes.
As 'tis with all

Steady-State
Prevaricators

of either or indeterminate
sex.

So, Lying, is it, makes
the World go round?

*Stop me
if you heard this...*

but...
But.

ENERGY!

in Bigtime Southern Athletics,
eclipsing academics by far!

Ole Miss vs
Auburn Basketball.

Go War Eagles!

Cheerleaders! LEGS! TITS!
Deafening blare of Bras-
siest Band imaginable!

TV networks etc.
Dolly-High!

BOOM!

Even Louder then!
Don't despair as to how

you're at an English Department instead.
Writing truly Pansy-Gothic poems there

and here. Soon marrying
a woman earnest enough
to be dead.

Power of One

The Woman Who Reversed Herself

drove the rest of us bananas!

Not a big deal unless she
maliciously fabricated,

attempting to destroy.
Otherwise: *Cute*.

Such a dilemma!
In Truth,

she made us so
schizo we had
to admit it

to retain any vestige
of sanity. Our route back

to acknowledge how
freakin nuts we were.
We got there! It helped
she owed each money.

It also helped that she coyly
dropped **US**

In an absolute fit
of creative lying!

Years have passed!
And one has
accidentally met her.

Sawing to the rest that *Butter*
wouldn't melt etc.

The inevitable, awful, negotiations
with her will estrange us
from each other fatally!

So, am I saying she will win?

Of course! Sorry, but you never, ever,
re-engage THE WHOLLY TOXIC!

Tit For No Tat

Anticipating BIG TROUBLE, Laurel got none.
And the whole day went easy-ohzy. So
she knew what to accomplish that night.

“Please tell me! I’m begging you!
Just what the HELL did I DO?”
Hab finally sobbed.

Her smirk
in reply
a quite

telling
stab!

This Attenuated America

*Special Counsel Robert **Mueller's** 448-page
report
finally released. (So it's not quite War and Peace?
--in length anyway.)*

That, a great, huge, smacking apple,
and a Blonde in an enormous bed!

O Joy, O Ecstasy, O Fulfillment,
like, COMPLETE! God shed-
ding his abundant etc Grace!

Evidently still a slow process.
And now this report for light

entertainment! "No hurry," doth
the Blonde attest. "None!"

...

Frank's a retired professor in Florida.
He fits the cliché, save--or because--
of a perversity of mind.

His poems, serious or ridiculous,
have appeared here before.